THE

UTAH MAGAZINE;

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 27.] SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 5, 1868. [Vol. 2.

POETRY.

A LITTLE GIRL.

As sleeps the odor in the rose,
When still a bud it gems the tree,
Ere yet its perfumed lips unclose;
So sleeps thy woman's love in thee.

The morn arises, and the flower
Unfurls its petals and is fair,
And lends with each advancing hour
A fresher fragrance to the air.

And long may thy serenest love
Make joyous all life's summer day,
Thine earth be fair as heaven above,
And thou more beautiful than they.

And other lips, perchance, shall praise
The perfect flower's perfect scent,
When lone I spend the far-off days
In self-inflicted banishment;

When I shall say, on hearing them
Who chant their hymn of praise to thee,
I knew the perfect parent stem,
I knew how fair the flower would be.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

There was great rejoicing in England. King Edward had been induced to send Alred the prelate to the court of the German emperor, for the heir presumptive to his throne, Edward Atheling, the son of the great Ironsides. In his childhood, this prince, with his brother Edmund, had been commited by Canute to the charge of his vassal, the king of Sweden; where he remained forgotten in his exile, until now suddenly recalled to England as the presumptive successor of his childless namesake. He arrived with Agatha his wife, one infant son Edgar, and two daughters, Margaret and Christina.

Great were the rejoicings. The vast crowd that had followed the royal visitors in their procession to the old London palace (not far from St. Paul's,) in which they were lodged, yet swarmed through the streets, when two thegns, our old friends, Vebba and Godrith, who had personally accompanied the Atheling from Dover, and had just taken leave of him, now sat in a tavern near old London bridge refreshing themselves and discussing the dainties of the season.

"Well, Vebba, and how likest thou the Atheling? he is of the old line," said Godrith.

The Kent man looked perplexed, and had recourse to the ale which he preferred to all more delicate liquor, before he replied.

"Why he speaks English worse than king Edward! and as for his boy Edgar, the child can scarce speak English at all. And then their German carles and cneths! An I had known what manner of folk they were, I had not spent my *mancuses* in running from my homestead to give them the welcome. But they told me that Harold the good earl, had made the king send for them: and whatever the earl does, must I thought be wise, and to the weal of sweet England."

"That is true," said Godrith with earnest emphasis, for, with all affectation of Norman manners, he was thoroughly English at heart, and was now among the stanchest supporters of Harold, who had become no less the pattern and pride of the young nobles than the darling of the humbler population—"that is true, and Harold showed us his noble English heart when he so urged the king to his own loss."

As Godrith thus spoke, nay, from the first mention of Harold's name, two men richly clad, but with their bonnets drawn far over their brows, and their long gonnas so worn as to hide their forms, who were seated at a table behind Godrith, and had thus escaped his attention, had paused from their wine cups, and they now listened with much earnestness to the conversation that followed.

"How to the earl's loss?" asked Vebba.

"Why, simple thegn," answered Godrith, "why, suppose that Edward had refused to acknowledge the Atheling as his heir, suppose the Atheling had remained in the German court, and our good king died suddenly—who, thinkest thou, could succeed to the English throne?"

"Marry, I have never thought of that at all," said the Kent man scratching his head.

"No, nor have the English generally; yet whom could we choose but Harold?"

A sudden start from one of the listeners was checked by the warning finger of the other; and the Kent man exclaimed—

"Body o' me! But we have never chosen king

(save the Danes) out of the line of Cerdic. These be new cranks, with a vengeance; we shall be choosing German, or Saracen, or Norman next!"

"Out of the line of Cerdic! but that line is gone, root and branch, save the Atheling, and he thou seest is more German than English. Again I say, failing the Atheling, whom could we choose but Harold, brother-in-law to the king; descended through Githa from the royalties of the Norse, the head of all armies under Herr-ban, the chief who has never fought without victory, yet who has always preferred conciliation to conquest—the first counselor in the Witan—the first man in the realm—who but Harold? answer me, staring Vebba?"

"I take in thy words slowly," said the Kent man, shaking his head, "and after all, it matters little who is king so he be a good one; Yes, I see now that the earl was a just and generous man when he made the king send for the Atheling. Drinkhæl! long life to them both!"

"Washael," answered Godrith, draining his hippocras to Vebba's more potent ale; "long life to them both! may Edward the Atheling reign, but Harold the earl rule! Ah, then, indeed, we may sleep without fear of fierce Algar and still fiercer Gryffyth the Walloon—who now, it is true, are stilled for the moment, thanks to Harold."

"So little news hear I," said Vebba, "and in Kent so little are we plagued with the troubles elsewhere (for there Harold governs us, and the hawks come not where the eagle holds nest!)—that I will thank thee to tell me something about our old earl for a year, Algar the restless' and this Gryffyth the Welsh king, so that I may seem a wise man when I go back to my homestead."

"Why, thou knowest at least that Algar and Harold were ever opposed in the Witan, and hot words thou hast heard, pass between them?"

"Marry, yes! But Algar was as little match for Earl Harold in speech as in sword play."

Now again one of the listeners started (but it was not the same one as before,) and muttered an angry exclamation.

"Yet he is a troublesome foe," said Godrith, who did not hear the sound Vebba had provoked, "and a thorn in the side both of the earl and of England; and sorrowful for both England and earl was it, that Harold refused to marry Aldyth, as his father, wise Godwin, counseled and wished.

"Ah, but I have heard scops and harpers sing pretty songs that Harold loves Edith the fair, a wondrous proper maiden they say!"

"It is true; and for the sake of his love he played ill for his ambition."

"I like him better for that," said the honest Kent man; "why does he not marry the girl at once; she hath broad lands, I know, for they run from the Sussex shore into Kent."

"But they are cousins five times removed, and the church forbids the marriage, nevertheless Harold lives only for Edith; they have exchanged the true-lofa, and it is whispered that Harold hopes the Atheling, when he comes to be king, will get him the pope's dispensation. But to return to Algar; in a day most unlucky he gave his daughter to Gryffyth, the most turbulent sub-king the land ever knew, who, it is said will not be content till he has won all Wales for himself without homage or service, and the Marches to boot. Well I ween that Gryffyth will never keep troth with the English, and that no hand less strong than Harold's can keep in check a spirit as fiery as Algar's: therefore did I wish that Harold might be king."

"Well," quoth the honest Kent man, "I hope nevertheless, that Algar will sow his wild oats, and leave the Walloons to grow the hemp for their own halters; for, though he is not of the height of our Harold, he is a true Saxon, and we liked him well enow when he ruled us. And how is our earl's brother Tostig esteemed by the Northmen? It must be hard to please those who had Siward of the strong arm for their earl before."

"Why, at first, when Harold secured to Tostig the Northumbrian earldom Tostig went by his brother's counsel, and ruled well and won favor. Of late I hear that the Northmen murmur. Tostig is a man indeed dour and haughty."

After a few more questions and answers on the news of the day, Vebba rose and said—

"Thanks for thy good-fellowship; it is time for me now to be jogging homeward. I left my ceorls and horses on the other side of the river and must go after them."

"But I should like to have said a kind word or so to Earl Harold—for he was too busy and too great for me to come across him in the old palace yonder, I have a mind to go back and look for him at his own house."

"You will not find him there," said Godrith, "for I know that as soon as he hath finished his conference with the Atheling, he will leave the city; and I shall be at his own favorite manse over the water at sunset, to take orders for repairing the forts and the dyks on the Marches. You can tarry awhile and meet us, you know his old lodge in the forest land?"

"Nay, I must be back and at home ere night, for all things go wrong when the master is away. Yet indeed, my good wife will scold me for not having shaken hands with the handsome earl."

"Thou shalt not come under that sad infliction," said the good-natured Godrith, who was pleased with the thegn's devotion to Harold, and who knowing the great weight which Vebba, (homely as he seemed) carried in his important county, was politically anxious that the earl should humor so sturdy a friend. "Thou shalt not sour thy wife's kiss man. For, look you, as you ride back you pass by a large old house, with broken columns at the back."

"I have marked it well," said the thegn, "when I have gone that way, with heap of queer stones, on a little hillock, which they say the witches or the Britons heaped together."

"The same. When Harold leaves London, I trow well towards that house will his road wend; for there lives Edith the swan's-neck, with her awful grandam the Wicca. If thou art there a little after noon, depend on it thou wilt see Harold riding that way.

"Thank thee heartily, friend Godrith," said Vebba, taking his leave, "I see thou art as good a Saxon as ere a franklin of Kent—and so the saints keep thee."

Vebba then strode briskly over the bridge; and Godrith, animated by the wine he had drunk, turned gaily on his heel to look among the crowded tables for some chance friend with whom to while away an hour or so at the games of hazard then in vogue.

Scarce had he turned, when the two listeners, who, having paid their reckoning, had moved under the shade of one of the arcades, dropped into a boat which they had summoned to the margin by a noiseless signal, and were rowed over the river. They preserved a silence which seemed thoughtful and gloomy until they reached the opposite shore, then one of them pushing back his bonnet, showed the sharp and haughty features of Algar.

"Well friend of Gryffyth," said he with a bitter accent, "thou hearest that Earl Harold counts so little on the oaths of thy king, that he intends to fortify the Marches against him: and thou hearest also that naught save a life as fragile as the reed which thy feet are trampling, stands between the throne of England and the only Englishman who could ever have humbled my son-in-law to swear oath of service to Edward."

"Shame upon that hour!" said the other, whose speech, as well as the gold collar round his neck, and the peculiar fashion of his hair, betokened him to be Welsh. "Little did I think that the great son of Llewellyn, whom our bards had set above Roderic Mawr, would ever have acknowledged the sovereignty of the Saxon over the hills of Cymry.'

"Tut, Meredydd," answered Algar, "thou knowest well that no Cymrian ever deems himself dishonored by breaking faith with the Saxon; and we shall yet see the lions of Gryffyth scaring the sheepfolds of Hereford."

"So be it," answered Meredydd, fiercely. "And Harold shall give to his Atheling the Saxon land, shorn at least of the Cymrian kingdom."

"Meredydd," said Algar, with a seriousness that seemed almost solemn, "no Atheling will live to rule these realms! Thou knowest that I was one of the first to hail the news of his coming—I hastened to Dover to meet him. Methought I saw death writ on his countenance, and I bribed the German leech who attends him to answer my questions; the Atheling knows it not, but he bears within him the seeds of a mortal complaint. Thou wottest well what cause I have to hate Earl Harold; and were I the only man to oppose his way to the throne, he should not ascend it but over my corpse. But when Godrith, his creature, spoke, I felt that he spoke the truth; and, the Atheling, dead on no head but Harold's can fall the crown."

"Ha!" said the Cymrian chief, gloomily—"thinkest thou so indeed?"

"I think it not, I know it. And for that reason, Meredydd, we must wait not until he wields against us all the royalty of England. As yet, while Edward lives, there is hope. For the king loves to spend wealth on relics and priests, and is slow when the *mancuses* are wanted for fighting men. The king too, poor man! is not so ill pleased at my outbursts as he would fain have it thought—he thinks, by pitting earl against earl, that he himself is the stronger. While Edward lives, therefore, Harold's arm is half crippled—wherefore, Meredydd, ride thou, with good speed, back to King Gryffyth, and tell him all I have told thee. Tell him the time to strike the blow and renew the war will be amid the dismay and confusion that the Atheling's death will occasion. Tell him that if we can entangle Harold himself in the Welsh defiles it will go hard but we will find some arrow or dagger to pierce the heart of the invader. And were Harold but slain—who then would be king of England? The line of Cerdic gone—the house of Godwin lost in Earl Harold (for Tostig is hated in his own domain, Leofwine is too light, and Gurth too saintly for such ambition;) who then, I say, can be king in England but Algar, the heir of the great Leofric? And I, as king of England, will set Cymyr free and restore to the realm of Gryffyth the shires of Hereford and Worcester. Ride fast, O Meredydd, and heed well all I have said."

"Dost thou promise and swear, that wert thou king of England, Cymry should be free from all service?"

"Free as air, free as Arthur and Uther I swear it. And remember well how Harold addressed the Cymrian chiefs, when he accepted Gryffyth,s oath of service?"

"Remember it—ay," cried Meredydd, his face lighting up with extreme ire and revenge—"the stern Saxon said, 'Heed well, ye chiefs of Cymry, and thou Gryffyth the king, that if again ye force, by ravage and rapine, by sacrilege and murther, the majesty of England to enter your borders, duty must be done—God grant that your Cymrian lion may leave us in peace—if not, it is mercy to human life that bids us cut the talons and draw the fangs.'"

"Harold, like all calm and mild men, ever says less than he means," returned Algar—"and were Harold king, small pretext would he need for cutting the talons and drawing the fangs."

"It is well," said Meredydd, with a fierce smile, "I will go now to my men who are lodged yonder; and it is better that thou shouldst not be seen with me."

"Right; so St. David be with you—and forget not a word of my message to Gryffyth my son-in-law."

"Not a word," returned Meredydd, as with a wave of his hand he moved toward an hostelry, to which, as kept by one of their own countrymen, the Welsh habitually resorted in the visits to the capital which the various intrigues and dissensions in their unhappy land made frequent.

The chief's train, which consisted of ten men, all of high birth, were not drinking in the tavern—for sorry customers to mine host were the abstemious Welsh. Stretched on the grass under the trees of an orchard that backed the hostelry, and utterly indifferent to all the rejoicings that animated the population of Southwark and London, they were listening to a wild song of the old hero-days from one of their number; and round them grazed the rough, shagged ponies which they had used for their journey. Meredydd, approaching, gazed round, and seeing no stranger was present, raised his hand to hush the song, and then addressing his countrymen briefly in Welsh—briefly, but with a passion that was evident in his flashing eyes and vehement gestures. The passion was contagious; they all sprang to their feet with a low but fierce cry, and in a few moments they had caught and saddled their diminutive palfreys, while one of the band, who seemed singled out by Meredydd, sallied forth alone from the orchard, and took his way, on foot, to the bridge. He did not tarry there long; at the sight of a single horseman, whom a shout of welcome, on the swarming thoroughfare, proclaimed to be Earl Harold, the Welshman turned, and with a fleet foot regained his companions.

Meanwhile Harold smilingly returned the greetings

he received, cleared the bridge, passed the suburbs, and soon gained the wild forest land that lay along the great Kentish road. He rode somewhat slowly, for he was evidently in deep thought; and he had arrived about; half-way toward Hilda's house when he heard behind quick pattering sounds, as of small unshod hoofs he turned and saw the Welshmen at the distance of some fifty yards. But at that moment there passed, along the road in front, several persons bustling into London to share the festivities of the day. This seemed to disconcert the Welsh in the rear and, after a few whispered words, they left the high road and entered the forest land. Various groups from time to time continued to pass along the thoroughfare. But still, ever through the glades, Harold caught sight of the riders, now distant, now near. Sometimes he heard the snort of their small horses, and saw a fierce glaring through the bushes; then, as at the sight or sound of approaching passengers, the riders wheeled short, and shot off through the brakes.

The earl's suspicions were aroused; for the various insurrections in Edward's reign, had necessarily thrown upon society many turbulent disbanded mercenaries.

Harold was unarmed, save the spear which, even on occasions of state, the Saxon noble rarely laid aside, and the ateghar in his belt; and, seeing now that the road had become deserted, he set spurs to his horse, and was just in sight of the Druid Temple, when a javelin whizzed close by his breast, and another transfixed his horse, which fell head-foremost to the ground.

The earl gained his feet in an instant, and that haste was needed to save his life; for as he rose ten swords flashed around him. The Welshmen had sprung from their palfreys as Harold's horse fell. Fortunately for him, only two of the party bore javelins (a weapon which the Welsh wielded with deadly skill,) and, those already wasted, they drew their short swords, which were probably imitated from the Romans, and rushed upon him in simultaneous onset. Versed in all the weapons of the time, with his right hand seeking by his spear to keep off the rush, with the ateghar in his left parrying the strokes aimed at him, the brave earl transfixed the first assailant, and sore wounded the next; but his tunic was dyed red with three gashes, and his sole chance of life was in the power yet left him to force his way through the ring. Dropping his spear, shifting his ateghar into his right hand, wrapping round his left arm his gonna as a shield, he sprang fiercely on the onslaught, and on the flashing swords. Pierced to the heart fell one of his foes—dashed to the earth another—from the hand of a third (dropping his own ateghar) he wrenched the sword. Loud rose Harold's cry for aid, and swiftly he strode toward the hillock, turning back, and striking as he turned; and again fell a foe, and again new blood oozed through his own garb. At that moment his cry was echoed by a shrick so sharp and so piercing that it startled the assailants—it arrested the assault; and ere the unequal strife could be resumed a woman was in the midst of the fray;—a woman stood dauntless between the earl and his foes.

"Back! Edith. O, God! Back, back!" cried the earl, recovering all his strength in the sole fear which that strife had stricken into his bold heart; and drawing Edith aside with his strong arm, he again confronted the assailants.

"Die!" cried, in the Cymrian tongue, the fiercest of his foes, whose sword had already twice drawn the earl's blood; "Die, that Cymry may be free!"

Meredydd sprang, with him sprang the survivors of his band; and, by a sudden movement, Edith had thrown herself on Harold's breast, leaving his right arm free, but shielding his form with her own.

At that sight every sword rested still in he air. These Cymrians hesitating not at the murder of the man whose death seemed to their false virtue a sacrifice due to their hopes of freedom, were still the descendants of heroes, and the children of noble song, and their swords were harmless against a woman. The same pause which saved the life of Harold, saved that of Meredydd; for his lifted sword had left his breast defenceless, and Harold, despite his wrath, and his fears for Edith, touched by that sudden forbearance forebore himself the blow.

Why seek ye my life?" said he. "Whom in broad England hath Harold wronged?"

That speech broke the charm, revived the suspense of vengeance. With a sudden aim, Meredydd struck at the head which Edith's embrace left unprotected. The sword shivered on the steel of that which parried the stroke, and the next moment, pierced to the heart, Meredydd fell to the earth, bathed in his gore. Even as he fell, aid was at hand. The ceorls in the Roman house had caught the alarm and were hurrying down the knoll, with arms snatched in haste, while a loud whoop broke from the forest land hard by; and a troop of horse, headed by Vebba, rushed through the forest and brakes. Those of the Welsh still surviving, no longer animated by their fiery chief, turned on the instant, and fled with that wonderful speed of foot which characterized their active race; calling as they fled to their Welsh pigmy steeds, which, snorting loud, and lashing out, came to the call. Seizing the nearest at hand, the fugitives sprang to the selle, while the animals unchosen, paused by the corpses of their former riders, neighing piteously, and shaking their long manes. And then, after wheeling round and round the coming horsemen, with many a plunge, and lash, and savage cry, they darted after their companions, and disappeared among the bushwood. Some of the Kentish men gave chase to the fugitives, but in vain, for the nature of the ground favored their flight. Vebba, and the rest, now joined by Hilda's lithsmen, gained the spot where Harold, bleeding fast, yet strove to keep his footing, and, forgetful of his own wounds, was joyfully assuring himself of Edith's safety. Vebba dismounted, and recognizing the earl exclaimed—

"Saints in heaven! are we in time? You bleed—you faint!—Speak, Lord Harold. How fares it?"

"Blood enow yet left for our merrie England!" said Harold, with a smile. But as he spoke, his head dropped, and he was borne senseless into the house of Hilda.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The powers of the mind, when unbound and expanded by the sunshine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom into goodness.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 17.

PHENOMENA OF VOLCANIC VENTS AND CONES.

In the crater of a volcano, and on the sides of a volcanic mountain, there are generally a great number of smaller vents, which emit nothing but aqueous vapours and corrosive gases. In the crater itself the lava may be burning and boiling for years, without either an eruption of scoriæ or an overflow of lava.

In this case a multitude of small conical vents are formed, which rise out of the cooled surface of the melted lava; and these vents are constantly giving out volumes of smoke and sulphuric acid gas. Such a vent is called in Europe a Fumerole, or Moffet, and in Mexico, a Hornito, or small oven.

Besides these vents which are found within the circumference of the boiling crater, there are other vents produced, sometimes on the wall of the crater, and sometimes on the sides of the mountain. These are formed by the jets of scoriæ thrown up, and which in falling accumulate around the mouth of the vent.

You will have a better conception of these conical vents, which are formed in a lake of burning lava, if you fancy yourself upon the edge of the great crater of Mount Vesuvius, and contemplate them in their terrific perspective. Before you reach the summit of Vesuvius from Naples, you arrive at a lofty cone. As you ascend the sloping sides of this cone, the whole appears to you to be nothing but a heap of loose materials, a mere heap of rubbish, thrown down and about in a disorderly manner. But when you reach the edge of the crater, and look on the cliffs stretching before you in the opposite walls of the chasm, you find that the volcanic materials, which have been successively thrown up, have been disposed in regular beds or strata, corresponding, first of all, with the sloping or dipping sides of the original cone, and then with the various volcanic envelopes which have mantled over the preceding bed of cooled lava.

Suppose yourself to be on some elevated spot where you have a full view of the boiling crater below, and of the vents or fumeroles of different heights formed by the fall of jetted materials.

This crater of Vesuvius is perpetually changing its form. Before the year 1631, what is now a burning crater was an awful dingle or cleuch, five miles in circumference, and about one thousand feet deep. On the sides of the cliffs, a forest of brushwood grew luxuriantly; and, on the bottom where there is now a lake of glowing lava, there was a fine plain, furnishing grass on which cattle browsed. In this plain there were three pools of water; one hot and bitter, the second, salter than sea water; and the third, hot, but without any taste. But in December, 1631, the whole forest of brushwood on the sides, and the whole plain of grass at the bottom, were blown up into the air with fearful explosions. The volcano then rested for some years.

Again. Between 1800 and 1822, this vast crater was becoming gradually filled up by lava boiling upwards from below, and also by jets of cinders and ashes, which were falling down from the smaller vents which had been formed both in the centre of the crater, and on the sides or ledges of the cliffs. The result was; that, instead of a deep, regular cavity, there appeared once more at the bottom a rocky plain.

In October, 1822, a series of detonations, and of loud explosions, took place, and continued for nearly a month. The force from below broke up this rocky plain of lava blocks at the bottom, and hurled them all into the air, so as to leave behind a tremendous gulph or chasm of irregular form, but above three miles long, and three-fourths of a mile across, and stretching from north-east to south-west. Its depth was at first stupendous. It was supposed to be two thousand feet—about half the depth of Snowdon. As, however, the walls or cliffs of the crater continued to fall in, the gulph became eventually less than half that depth. When this action of the volcano commenced, the summit of the cone around the crater was 4,200 feet high; but through the powerful activity of the fire such prodigious masses of the lofty mountain were worn down, that its elevation was reduced to that of 3,400 feet.

In the year 1834 the great crater had been filled up nearly to the brim with lava, which had swelled up from beneath, and which had consolidated, and had formed a plain, level and unbroken, except in one spot, where a small cone had been thrown up by the eruption of scoriæ, and which now appeared in the plain as a small island in a lake.

Eventually this plain of consolidated lava was, once more, burst into a fissure. Along the line of this fissure very numerous small cones were formed, and which, emitted vapour and scoriæ. It was supposed, at first, that these smaller cones began to be formed by a swelling from below, which caused an upheaval of the beds of lava previously resting horizontally and that this upheaval continued until the bed snapped, and allowed the gases and vapours to escape through the vent in the centre. This supposition was not established by fact. In 1834, a great subsidence of the lava that had filled the crater took place; in consequence of which the whole formation of the central cone was brought to light. It was then seen that the cone had not been formed by upheaval, but by the fall of cinders and ashes around the mouth of the vent.

LIFE'S DREAMS.

Childhood dreams, and smiles in sleep,
Dreams of home, just left awhile;
Angels their glad vigils keep,
Recognition wakes the smiles.

Youth hath dreams' fond dreams of love;
Dreams of earth, the shadowed past.
Just clouded life's impulses move
In transient orbit, swiftly cast.

Manhood dreams of riches, fame,
Ambition, power, these forces swell
Till pride of life and self, aflame
Hath burned the record-memories tell.

So old age dreams, life's ebbing tide
Bids all the old dreams come once more
While angels draw the veil aside
Of Home beyond times' rugged shore.

Thus Life is but a rounded dream
Its portals veil, unveil at will,
Immortal lives, and heavens bright gleam
As Gods their purposed ends fulfill.

N

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1868.

NEW THEORIES OF CREATION.

PART II.

From the doctrine of "Development" we now turn to present a brief sketch of the "Creatory Theory." At the head of this theory stands the great naturalist Professor Agassiz. It is called the "Creatory Theory" because most of its propounders hold that every species of animals or plants were originated upon this globe by a separate and distinct act of creation, instead of being derived or developed from other kinds. Professor Agassiz, however, carries this theory further than this. He holds that just as certain specimens of beasts and vegetation were created for special districts of the earth, and fitted for peculiar climes; so various species or races of men were especially created for different regions of the earth, and were placed in those regions as communities, each as peculiarly adapted to their special locality as the Elephant and the Lion to the plains of India, or the White Bear and the Seal to the polar regions. Upon what grounds Professor Agassiz rests his belief that mankind were originated in communities instead of commencing in single pairs in the respective localities which he supposes them to have been created for, we do not know; but his reasons for believing in the non-relationship of the races of mankind are clearly stated.

One of the reasons assigned by the Professor for disbelieving in the common origin of mankind are, that certain races of men are confined to certain zoological limits the same as certain animals and plants; that is to say; peculiar races of men are found allotted to the regions assigned to peculiar species of animals etc.; hence, Professor Agassiz supposes, that plants, animals and men, are the special property of the respective portions of the globe upon which they are found, and were expressly created for them.

Another reason presented by Agassiz is based upon what he declares to be the actual differences existing between different races of men. He says: "I am prepared to show that the differences existing between the races of men are of the same kind as the differences observed between the different species of monkeys or other animals, and that these different species of animals differ as much in the same degree one from the other as the races of men; nay, the differences between distinct races [of men] are often greater than those distinguishing species of animals one from the other. The chimpanzee and the gorilla do not differ more one from the other than the Mandingo and the Guinea negro; they together, do not differ more from the orang than the Malay or the white man differs from the negro."

At this fearful rate Agassiz launches at the question of the equal rights of men, so far as equal rights rest on the ground of similarity of origin. One would imagine that negro worshipers would hardly admire the great *savan*. He says that upon personal analysis and anatomization he is prepared to prove that the negro and the white man are *not* of the same race. That there is "as much difference between them as there is between the horse and the ass or the eagle and the owl;" that they are different down to the very chemical materials of which their bones are composed; and he asserts a similar difference to exist between other races.

As remarked, all believers in the Creatory theory do not go this far. Most of such persons simply claiming that by a distinct and special act of creation each species were introduced to this planet, in fact, that no one species was derived from another; in this respect, it will be seen that they are the exact opposites of the Development philosophers, who trace all the varieties of species from a few simple forms.

As we have said, the truth may be found somewhere between the two. Both Creatory and Development theories may be partially right. Taking birds for an illustration, the Scriptures state that the Almighty created "the fowl to fly in the midst of heaven"—but they do not say how many tribes or species were then created. So far as the Scriptures are concerned there may have been only one kind then produced or there may have been fifty thousand, as they are classed under one head without any distinction whatever. There may, therefore, at that time, have been a distinct head of each of our present species introduced to the earth, and consequently this portion of the Creatory theory may be true in regard to the Adamic creation. Then in respect to the ages in which this earth was preparing as an abode for man the Development theory may be more or less true. The simplest order of beings may first have been introduced to its troubled waters; then as more peaceful times rolled over the deep, the more developed fish may have appeared; then the reptile, inhabitant both of land and water, may "have dragged its slow length along;" after which the inhabitants of the air may for the first time have winged their flight over sea and land and had their day; by which time a sufficiency of land having permanently appeared above the waters the quadrupeds of every variety may have been introduced upon the scene. All of these species of reptiles, birds and beasts—huge and monstrous as we know them to be—being unfitted for the times of peaceful man, by some grand destructive agencies may then have passed away; and with the last rising of the earth from the bosom of the deep, and man's appearance on the soil, may have come the superior races of animals and plants around us to day—selected with respect to their superior fitness for companionship with man upon the earth, and suitability for his times.

We are aware that these views do not fully satisfy the demands of either of these schools of philosophy; nor do we particularly wish to satisfy them; we simply wish to introduce the results of their respective studies to our readers, and show in what points the truth may be found. And this we do because we believe that all great and notable discoveries are the inspirations of God; and that it is impossible for the human mind to labor continuously and earnestly in any department of knowledge without discovering, at least, the germs of great and important truths calculated for the enlightenment of the world.

NOTICE.—Persons intending to discontinue their subscriptions, must return this number clean and uncut, or their names will be continued on our lists.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XV.

Our scene now changes from the wild ocean and its perils, to a snug room in Fenchurch Street; the inner office of Wardlaw & Son; a large apartment, panelled with fine old mellow Spanish oak, and all the furniture in keeping; the carpet, a thick Axminster of sober colors; the chairs of oak and morocco, very substantial; a large office table, with oaken legs like very columns, substantial; two Milner safes; a globe of unusual size, with a handsome tent over it, made of roan leather, figured; the walls hung with long oak boxes, about eight inches broad, containing rolled maps of high quality, and great dimensions; to consult which, oaken sceptres tipped with brass hooks stood ready; with these the great maps could be drawn down and inspected; and, on being released, flew up into their wooden boxes again. Besides these, were hung up a few drawings, representing outlines, and inner sections, of vessels; and, on a smaller table, lay models, almanacks, etc. The great office table was covered with writing materials and papers, all but a square space enclosed with a little silver rail, and inside that space lay a purple morocco case about ten inches square; it was locked, and contained an exquisite portrait of Helen Rolleston.

This apartment was so situated, and the frames of the plate glass windows so well made and substantial, that, let a storm blow a thousand ships ashore, it could not be felt, nor heard, in Wardlaw's inner office.

But appearances are deceitful; and who can wall out a sea of troubles, and the tempests of the mind?

The inmate of that office was battling for his commercial existence, under accumulated difficulties and dangers. Like those who sailed the Proserpine's long boat, upon that dirty night, which so nearly swamped her, his eye had now to be on every wave, and the sheet for ever in his hand.

His measures had been ably taken; but, as will happen when clever men are driven into a corner, he had backed events rather too freely against time; had allowed too slight a margin for unforeseen delays. For instance, he had averaged the Shannon's previous performances, and had calculated on her arrival too nicely. She was a fortnight over due, and that delay brought peril.

He had also counted upon getting news of the Proserpine. But not a word had reached Lloyd's as yet.

At this very crisis came the panic of '66, Overend & Gurney broke; and Wardlaw's experience led him to fear that, sooner or later, there would be a run on every bank in London. Now he had borrowed £80,000 at one bank, and £35,000 at another; and, without his ships, could not possibly pay a quarter of the money. If the banks in question were run upon, and obliged to call in all their resources, his credit must go; and this, in his precarious position, was ruin.

He had concealed his whole condition from his father by false book-keeping. Indeed, he had only two confidants in the world—poor old Michael Penfold and Helen Rolleston's portrait; and even to these two he made half confidences. He dared not tell either of them all he had done, and all he was going to do.

His redeeming feature was as bright as ever. He still loved Helen Rolleston with a chaste, constant, and ardent affection, that did him honor. Arthur loved money too well; but he loved Helen better. In all his troubles and worries, it was his one consolation, to unlock her portrait, and gaze on it, and purify his soul for a few minutes. Sometimes he would apologise to it, for an act of doubtful morality. "How can I risk the loss of you?" was his favorite excuse. No; he must have credit; he must have money. She must not suffer by his past imprudences. They must be repaired at any cost—for her sake.

It was ten o'clock in the morning; Mr. Penfold was sorting the letters for his employer, when a buxom young woman rushed into the outer office, crying "Oh. Mr. Penfold!" and sank into a chair, breathless.

"Dear heart! what is the matter now?" said the old gentleman.

"I have had a dream, sir; I dreamed I saw Joe Wylie out on the seas, in a boat; and the wind it was a-blowing and the sea a-roaring to that degree as Joe looked at me, and says he, 'Pray for me, Nancy Rouse.'"

"So I says, 'Oh dear, Joe, what is the matter? and whatever is become of the Proserpine?'

"'Gone to hell!' says he; which he knows I object to foul language. 'Gone—there—' says he, 'and I'm sailing in her wake. O pray for me, Nancy Rouse!' With that, I tries to pray in my dream, and screams instead, and wakes myself. O Mr. Penfold, do tell me, have you got any news of the Proserpine this morning?"

"What is that to you?" inquired Arthur Wardlaw, who had entered just in time to hear this last query.

"What is it to me!" cried Nancy, firing up; "it is more to me, perhaps, than it is to you, for that matter."

Penfold explained, timidly, "Sir, Mrs. Rouse is my landlady."

"Which I have never been to church with any man yet of the name of Rouse, leastways, not in my waking hours," edged in the lady.

"Miss Rouse, I should say;" said Penfold, apologising. "I beg pardon, but I thought Mrs. might sound better in a landlady. Please, sir, Mr. Wylie, the mate of the Proserpine, is her—her—sweetheart."

"Not he. Leastways, he is only on trial, after a manner."

"Of course, sir—only after a manner," added Penfold, sadly perplexed, "Miss Rouse is incapable of anything else. But, if you please, m'm, I don't presume to know the exact relation:"—and then with great reserve—"but, you know you are anxious about him."

Miss Rouse sniffed, and threw her nose in the air—as if to throw a doubt even on that view of the matter.

"Well, madam," said Wardlaw, "I am sorry to say I can give you no information. I share your anxiety, for I have got £160,000 of gold in that ship. You might inquire at Lloyd's. Direct her there, Mr. Penfold, and bring me my letters."

With this he entered his inner office, sat down, took out a golden key, opened the portrait of Helen, gazed at it, kissed it, uttered a deep sigh, and prepared to face the troubles of the day.

Penfold brought in a leathern case, like an enormous bill-book; it had thirty vertical compartments; and the names of various cities and sea-ports, with which Wardlaw & Son did business, were printed in gold letters on some of these compartments; on others, the names of persons; and on two compartments the word "Miscellaneous." Michael brought this machine in, filled with a correspondence, enough to break a man's heart to look at.

This was one of the consequences of Wardlaw's position. He durst not let his correspondence be read, and filtered, in the outer office. He opened the whole mass; sent some back into the outer office; then touched a hand-bell, and a man emerged from the small apartment adjoining his own. This was Mr. Atkins, his short-hand writer. He dictated to this man some twenty letters, which were taken down in short-hand; the man retired to copy them, and write them out in duplicate from his own notes, and thus reduced the number to seven; these Wardlaw sat down to write himself, and lock up the copies.

While he was writing them, he received a visitor or two, whom he despatched as quickly as his letters.

He was writing his last letter, when he heard in the outer office a voice he thought he knew. He got up and listened. It was so. Of all the voices in the city, this was the one it most dismayed him to hear, in his office, at the present crisis.

He listened on, and satisfied himself that a fatal blow was coming. He then walked quietly to his table, seated himself, and prepared to receive the stroke with external composure.

Penfold announced, "Mr. Burtenshaw."

"Show him in," said Wardlaw, quietly.

Mr. Burtenshaw, one of the managers of Morland's bank, came in, and Wardlaw motioned him courteously to a chair, while he finished his letter, which took only a few moments.

While he was sealing it, he half turned to his visitor, and said, "No bad news? Morland's is safe, of course."

"Well," said Burtenshaw, "there is a run upon our bank—a severe one. We could not hope to escape the effects of the panic."

He then, after an uneasy pause, and with apparent reluctance, added, "I am requested by the other directors to assure you it is their present extremity alone, that—in short, we are really compelled to beg you to repay the amount advanced to you by the bank."

Wardlaw showed no alarm, but great surprise. This was clever; for he felt great alarm, and no surprise.

"The £80,000," said he. "Why, that advance was upon the

freight of the Proserpine. Forty-five thousand ounces of gold. She ought to be here by this time. She is in the Channel at this moment, no doubt."

"Excuse me; she is overdue, and the underwriters uneasy. I have made inquiries."

"At any rate, she is fully insured, and you hold the policies. Besides, the name of Wardlaw on your books should stand for bullion."

Burtenshaw shook his head. "Names are at a discount to-day, sir. We can't put you down on our counter. Why, our depositors look cross at Bank of England notes."

To an inquiry, half ironical, whether the managers really expected him to find £80,000 cash at a few hours' notice, Burtenshaw replied, sorrowfully, that they felt for his difficulty whilst deploring their own; but that, after all, it was a debt; and, in short, if he could find no means of paying it, they must suspend payment for a time, and issue a statement—and—"

He hesitated to complete his sentence, and Wardlaw did it for him. "And ascribe your suspension to my inability to refund this advance?" said he, bitterly.

"I am afraid that is the construction it will bear."

Wardlaw rose, to intimate he had no more to say.

Burtenshaw, however, was not disposed to go without some clear understanding. "May I say we shall hear from you, sir?"

"Yes."

And so they wished each other good-morning; and Wardlaw sank into his chair.

In that quiet dialogue, ruin had been inflicted and received without any apparent agitation; ay, and worse than ruin—exposure.

Morland's suspension, on account of money lost by Wardlaw & Son, would at once bring old Wardlaw to London, and the affairs of the firm would be investigated, and the son's false system of book-keeping be discovered.

He sat stupified awhile, then put on his hat, and rushed to his solicitor; on the way, he fell in with a great talker, who told him there was a rumor the Shannon was lost in the Pacific.

At this he nearly fainted in the street; and his friend took him back to his office in a deplorable condition. All this time he had been feigning anxiety about the Proserpine, and concealing his real anxiety about the Shannon. To do him justice he lost sight of everything in the world now but Helen. He sent Penfold in hot haste to Lloyd's to inquire for news of the ship; and then he sat down sick at heart; and all he could do now was to open her portrait, and gaze at it through eyes blinded with tears. Even a vague rumor, which he hoped might be false, had driven all his commercial manœuvres out of him, and made all other calamities seem small.

And so they all are small, compared with the death of the creature we love.

While he sat thus, in a stupor of fear and grief, he heard a well-known voice in the outer office; and next, after Burtenshaw's, it was the one that caused him the most apprehension It was his father's.

Wardlaw senior rarely visited the office now; and this was not his hour. So Arthur knew that something extraordinary had brought him up to town. And he could not doubt that it was the panic, and that he had been to Morland's, or would go there in course of the day, but, indeed, it was more probable that he had already heard something, and was come to investigate.

Wardlaw senior entered the room.

"Good morning, Arthur," said he. "I've got good news for you."

Arthur was quite startled by an announcement that accorded so little with his expectations.

"Good news—for me?" said he, in a faint, incredulous tone.

"Ay, glorious news! Haven't you been anxious about the Shannon? I have; more anxious than I would own."

Arthur started up. "The Shannon! God bless you, father."

"She lies at anchor in the Mersey," roared the old man, with all the father's pride at bringing such good news. "Why, the Rollestons will be in London at 2.30. See, here is his telegram."

At this moment, in ran Penfold, to tell them that the Shannon was up at Lloyd's; had anchored off Liverpool last night.

There was a hearty shaking of hands, and Arthur Wardlaw was the happiest man in London—for a little while.

"Got the telegram at Elmtrees this morning, and came up by the first express."

The telegram was from Sir Edward Rolleston. "Reached Liverpool last night; will be at Euston, two thirty."

"Not a word from her!" said Arthur.

"Oh, there was no time to write; and ladies do not use the telegram." He added, slily, "Perhaps she thought coming in person would do as well, or better, eh!"

"But why does he telegraph you instead of me?"

I am sure I don't know. What does it matter? Yes, I do know. It is settled that he and Helen are to come to me at Elmtrees, so I was the proper person to telegraph. I'll go and meet them at the station; there is plenty of time. But, I say, Arthur, have you seen the papers? Bartley Brothers obliged to wind up. Maple & Cox, of Liverpool, gone; Atlantic trading. Terry & Brown, suspended; International credit gone. Old friends, some of these. Hopley & Timms, railway contractors, failed, sir; liabilities, seven hundred thousand pounds and more."

"Yes, sir," said Arthur, pomposely; "1866 will long be remembered for its revelations of commercial morality."

The old gentleman on this asked his son; with excusable vanity, whether he had done ill in steering clear of speculation; he then congratulated him on having listened to good advice, and stuck to legitimate business. "I must say, Arthur," added he, "your books are models for any trading firm."

Arthur winced in secret under this praise, for it occurred to him that, in a few days, his father would discover those books were all a sham, and the accounts a fabrication.

However, the unpleasant topic was soon interrupted, and effectually, too; for Michael looked in, with an air of satisfaction on his benevolent countenance, and said, "Gentlemen, such an arrival! Here is Nancy Rouse's sweetheart, that she dreamed was drowned."

"What is the man to me?" said Arthur, peevishly. He did not recognize Wylie under that title.

"La, Mr Arthur! why he is the mate of the Proserpine," said Penfold.

"What! Wylie! Joseph Wylie?" cried Arthur, in a sudden excitement, that contrasted strangely with his previous indifference.

"What is that?" cried Wardlaw senior, "the Proserpine! Show him in at once."

Now this caused Arthur Wardlaw considerable anxiety; for obvious reasons he did not want his father and this sailor to exchange a word together. However that was inevitable now; the door opened, and the bronzed face and sturdy figure of Wylie, clad in a rough pea jacket, came slouching in.

Arthur went hastily to meet him, and gave him an expressive look of warning, even while he welcomed him in cordial accents.

"Glad to see you safe home," said Wardlaw senior.

"Thank ye, guv'nor," said Wylie. "Had a squeak for it this time."

"Where is your ship?"

Wylie shook his head sorrowfully. "Bottom of the Pacific."

"Good heavens! What; is she lost?"

"That she is, sir. Foundered at sea, 1200 miles from the Horn, and more.

"And the freight, the gold?" put in Arthur, with well-feigned anxiety.

"Not an ounce saved," said Wylie, disconsolately. "A hundred and sixty thousand pounds gone to the bottom."

"Good heavens."

"Ye see, sir," said Wylie," "the ship encountered one gale after another, and laboured a good deal, first and last; and we all say her seams must have opened; for we never could find the leak that sunk her," and he cast a meaning glance at Arthur Wardlaw.

"No matter how it happened;" said the old merchant; "are we insured to the full?—that is the first question."

"To the last shilling."

"Well done, Arthur."

"But still it is most unlucky. Some weeks must elapse before the insurances can be realised, and a portion of the gold was paid for in bills at short date."

"The rest in cash?"

"Cash and merchandise."

"Then there is the proper margin. Draw on my private account at the Bank of England."

These few simple words showed the struggling young merchant a way out of all his difficulties.

His heart leaped so, he dared not reply, lest he should excite the old gentleman's suspicions.

But, ere he had well drawn his breath for joy, came a freezer.

"Mr. Burtenshaw, sir."

"Bid him wait," said Arthur aloud, and cast a look of great anxiety on Penfold, which the poor old man, with all his simplicity, comprehended well enough.

"Burtenshaw, from Moreland's. What does he want of us?" knitting his brows.

Arthur turned cold all over. "Perhaps to ask me not to draw out my balance. It is less than usual; but they are run upon; and, as you are good enough to let me draw on you—by the bye, perhaps you will sign a cheque before you go to the station."

"How much do you want?"

"I really don't know, till I have consulted Penfold; the gold was a large and advantageous purchase, sir."

"No doubt; no doubt. I'll give you my signature; and you can fill in the amount."

He drew a cheque in favor of Arthur Wardlaw, signed it, and left him to fill in the figures.

He then looked at his watch, and remarked they would only have time to get to the station.

"Good Heavens!" cried Arthur; "and I can't go. I must learn the particulars of the loss of the Proserpine, and prepare the statement at once for the underwriters."

"Well, never mind. I can go."

"But what will she think of me? I ought to be the first to welcome her."

"I'll make your excuses."

"No, No; say nothing: after all it was you who received the telegram: so you naturally meet her: but you will bring her here, father: you won't whisk my darling down to Elmtrees, till you have blest me with the sight of her."

"I will not be so cruel, fond lover," said old Wardlaw, laughing, and took up his hat and gloves to go.

Arthur went to the door with him, in great anxiety, lest he should question Burtenshaw, but, peering into the outer office, he perceived Burtenshaw was not there, Michael had caught his employer's anxious eye and conveyed the Banker into the small room where the short-hand writer was at work. But Burtenshaw was one of a struggling firm; to him every minute was an hour; he had sat, fuming with impatience, so long as he heard talking in the inner office; and, the moment it ceased, he took the liberty of coming in: so that he opened the side door, just as Wardlaw senior was passing through the center door.

Instantly Wardlaw junior whipped before him, to hide his retreating father.

Wylie, who had all this time been sitting silent, looking from one to the other, and quietly puzzling out the game, as well as he could, observed this movement and grinned.

As for Arthur Wardlaw, he saw his father safe out, then gave a sigh of relief, and walked to his office table, and sat down, and began to fill the cheque.

Burtenshaw drew near, and said, "I am instructed to say that fifty thousand pounds on account, will be accepted."

Perhaps if this proposal had been made a few moments sooner, the ingenious Arthur would have availed himself of it but as it was, he preferred to take the high and mighty tone. "I decline to make any concession," said he. "Mr. Penfold, take this cheque to the Bank of England. £81,647. 10s. That is the amount, capital and interest, up to noon this day: hand the sum to Mr. Burtenshaw, take his receipt, or, if he prefers it, pay it across the counter, to my credit. That will perhaps arrest the run.

Burtenshaw stammered out his thanks.

Wardlaw cut him short. "Good morning, sir," said he. "I have business of importance, Good day," and bowed him out.

"This is a highflyer," thought Burtenshaw.

Wardlaw then opened the side door, and called his short-hand writer.

"Mr. Atkins, please step into the outer office, and don't let a soul come into me. Mind, I am out for the day. Except to Miss Rolleston and her father."

He then closed all the doors, and sunk exhausted into a chair, muttering "Thank Heaven! I have got rid of them all for an hour or two. Now Wylie."

Wylie seemed in no hurry to enter upon the required subject.

Said he evasively, "Why guv'nor, it seems to me you are among the breakers here, yourself."

"Nothing of the sort, if you have managed your work cleverly. Come, tell me all, before we are interrupted again."

"Tell ye all about it! Why, there's part on't I am afraid to think on; let alone talk about it."

"Spare me your scruples, and give me your facts," said Wardlaw coldly. "First of all, did you shift the bullion as agreed?"

The sailor appeared relieved by this question.

"Oh, that is all right," said he. "I got the bullion safe aboard the Shannon, marked for lead."

"And the lead on board the Proserpine."

"Ay, shipped as bullion,'

"Without suspicion?"

"Not quite."

"Great Heaven! Who?"

"One clerk at the shipping agent's scented something queer, I think. His name was James Seaton."

"Could he prove anything?"

"Nothing. He knew nothing for certain; and what he guessed won't never be known in England now." And Wylie fidgetted in his chair.

Notwithstanding this assurance Wardlaw looked grave, and took a note of that clerk's name. Then he begged Wylie to go on.

"Give me all the details," said he. "Leave me to judge their relative value. You scuttled the ship."

"Don't say that! don't say that!" said Wylie in a low eager voice. "Stone walls have ears." Then rather louder than was necessary, "Ship sprung a leak, that neither the captain, nor I, nor anybody else could find, to stop Me, and my men, we all think her seams opened with stress of weather." Then lowering his voice again, "Try and see it as we do, and don't you ever use such a word as that, what came out of your lips now. We pumped her hard but 'twarn't no use. She filled and we had to take to the boats."

"Stop a moment. Was there any suspicion excited?"

"Not among the crew: and, suppose there was, I could talk 'em all over, or buy em all over, what few of 'em is left. I'll keep em all with me in one house: and they are all square don't you fear."

"Well, but you said 'among the crew!' Whom else can we have to fear?"

"Why nobody. To be sure one of the passengers was down on me; but what does that matter now?"

"It matters greatly—it matters terribly. Who was this passenger?"

"He called himself the Reverend John Hazel He suspected something or other; and what with listening here; and watching there, he judged the ship was never to see England, and I always fancied he told the lady,"

"What, was there a lady there?"

"Ay, worse luck, sir; and a pretty girl she was: coming home to England to die of consumption; so our surgeon told me;"

"Well, never mind her. The clergyman! This fills me with anxiety. A clerk suspecting us at Sydney, and a passenger suspecting us in the vessel. There are two witnesses against us already."

"No, only one."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, White's clerk and the parson, they was one man."

Wardlaw started in utter amazement.

"Don't ye believe me?" said Wylie, "I tell ye that there clerk boarded us under an alias. He had shaved off his beard; but, bless your heart, I knew him directly."

"Be good enough to conceal nothing, Facts must be faced

"That is too true sir. Well, the ship went down in latitude—but you have got a chart there before you, she went down here abouts."

"Why, that was a long way from land," said Arthur.

"You may say that, sir. Well, we abandoned her, and took to the boats. I commanded one."

"And Hudson the other?"

"Hudson! No."

"Why, how was that? and what has become of him?"

"What has become of Hudson?" said Wylie, with a start. "There's a question! And not a drop to wet my lips, and warm my heart. Is this a tale to tell dry? Can't ye spare a drop of brandy to a poor devil that has earned ye £160,000, and risked his life, and wrecked his soul to do it?"

Wardlaw cast a glance of contempt on him, but got up, and speedily put a bottle of old brandy, a tumbler, and a caraffe of water, on the table before him.

Wylie told him how Hudson got to the bottle, and would not

leave the ship. "I think I see him now, with his cutlass in one hand, and his rum bottle in the other, and the waves running over his poor, silly face, as she went down. Poor Hiram! he and I made many a trip together, before we took to this."

And Wylie shuddered, and took another gulp at the brandy.

While he was drinking to drown the picture, Wardlaw was calmly reflecting on the bare fact. "Hum," said he, "we must use that circumstance. I'll get it into the journals. Heroic captain. Went down with the ship. Who can suspect Hudson in the teeth of such a fact? Now, pray go on, my good Wylie. The boats?"

"Well, sir, I had the surgeon and ten men, and the lady's maid, on board the long boat; and there was the parson, the sick lady, and five sailors aboard the cutter. He sailed together till night, steering for Juan Fernandez; then a fog came on and we lost sight of the cutter, and I altered my mind and judged it best to beat to win'ard, and get into the track of ships; which we did, and were nearly swamped in a sou'wester, but, by good luck, a Yankee whaler picked us up, and took us to Buenos Ayres, where we shipped for England, what was left of us, only three, beside myself; but I got the signatures of the others to my tale of the wreck. It is all as square as a die, I tell you."

"Well done. Well done. But, stop! the other boat, with that sham parson on board who knows all. She will be picked up, too, perhaps."

"There is no chance of that. She was out of the tracks of trade; and, I'll tell ye the truth, sir."—He poured out half a tumbler of brandy, and drank a part of it; and, now, for the first time, his hand trembled as he lifted the glass.—"Some fool had put the main of her provisions aboard the long boat; that is what sticks to me, and won't let me sleep. We took a chance, but we didn't give one. I think I told you there was a woman aboard the cutter, that sick girl, sir. O, but it was hard lines for her, poor thing! I see her face, pale and calm; oh, Lord, so pale and calm; every night of my life; she kneeled aboard the cutter with her white hands a clasped together, praying."

"Certainly, it is all very shocking," said Wardlaw; "but, then, you know, if they had escaped, they would have exposed us. Believe me, it is all for the best."

Wylie looked at him with wonder. "Ay," said he, after staring at him a long time; "you can sit here at your ease, and doom a ship, and risk her people's lives. But if you had to do it, and see it, and then like awake thinking of it, you'd wish all the gold on earth had been in hell, before you put your hand to such a piece of work."

Wardlaw smiled a ghastly smile. "In short," said he, "you don't mean to take the two thousand pounds I pay you for this little job."

"Oh, yes, I do; but, for all the gold in Victoria, I wouldn't do such a job again. And, you mark my words, sir; we shall get the money, and nobody will ever be the wiser."

Wardlaw rubbed his hands complacently, his egotism, coupled with his want of imagination, nearly blinded him to everything but the pecuniary feature of the business.—"But," continued Wylie, "we shall never thrive on it. We have sunk a good ship, and we have as good as murdered a poor dying girl."

"Hold your tongue, ye fool!" cried Wardlaw, losing his sangfroid in a moment, for he heard somebody at the door.

It opened, and there stood a military figure in a traveling cap—General Rolleston.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

BY A DEALER IN THE FAR WEST.

For several years past I have been engaged in buying horses in the United States, and disposing of them among the wealthy Mexicans in the vicinity of Mendova and Santa Rosa. The route passed over in my journeys was infested with robbers on almost every mile; and, if one wanted to save his money and his life, he had to be ever on the alert, and possessed of the utmost caution. A drover is not often molested with his drove, for they know that his pockets are empty, and there is nothing to be gained, unless indeed some large band take a fancy to some of your stock; and then they are more apt to stampede them than to conspire for the death of their owners. When you return laden with the dollars of the rich purchasers, then it is that a man must look out for his life.

At the time the adventure that I am about to relate befell me, I had been very successful with my drove, and was on my way back in company with my partners, and three other men, whom we had employed to aid us on our passage from the States; and we were glad of their company on our return, as they were all stout fellows, and could be depended on in any emergency.

Some thirty miles this side of Santa Rosa, the road we were pursuing, on our return, lay through a wild mountainous region, that had the reputation this score of years of being one of the most dangerous routes in the eastern portion of Mexico; with scarcely an inhabitant, dark forests of heavy timber save in places where fires had raged over large districts, backed by lofty mountains that raised their jagged summits above the tree tops, and oftentimes along one of the worst possible roads. Taken all in all, a better place for murder and pillage could not be found.

It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon that we left the wretched little village on the western hill of the mountains, and struck into this most dangerous part of our journey. Thirty-five miles over a terrible road would bring us to San Miguel, where we hoped to be before the darkness became too dense for us to see our way.

I had never passed this way before, and, upon inquiry of the innkeeper, he had told us that we could do the distance with ease; but, before half-a-dozen miles had been passed over, we knew that he had deceived us. He had told us that the three first miles would be bad, and that then it would improve until the highest point in the route was gained; but, instead of doing so, every mile grew worse and worse, until, at last, all our horses could do was to pick their way along at a slow walk. However, we kept our spirits up by the expectation of something better ahead; but in this we were doomed to disappointment.

A dozen miles, and the miserable path, that had been denominated a road, became almost impassable for our steeds, who began to show signs of exhaustion; and, to add to the uncomfortableness of our situation, dense clouds, that all the morning had hung upon the mountains, expanded themselves over the sky, and soon the rain began to pour down in torrents.

Beneath the branches of a huge tree that stood by the roadside we halted for consultation. What was to be done? To proceed seemed next to impossible in the thick darkness that even was now gathering in; while to remain where we were was hazardous in the extreme, from the cause I have mentioned. To be sure, there were five of us, expert in the use of firearms; but what would that be, when taken unawares in the night-time in such a place, when it was well known to us that the bands that infested the country often numbered twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty, under one leader?

The ugly question came up for us to decide, should we go on and run the risk of straying from the right track in the darkness? or should we stay, and receive a visit from our unwelcome and doubtless near neighbors? After discussing the matter, we decided to stay where we were until daylight. We would camp for the night; and that, too, on the very spot where we were then.

A wild-looking spot it was, in sooth, for a camp. On each side of the path was a dense forest, seemingly impenetrable to man or beast; so much so, that we had to tether our horses in the road, to the trees on either side. The mountains frowning down upon us, and the black forest, full of untold dangers, on either hand, all conspired to make the place as wild and gloomy as it were possible for any place to be. It makes me shudder even now, with all you about me, when I think of our situation that night; and then I almost wished that the heavy bag of gold that was slung at my belt, and which seemed to weigh me down as I had never known it to do before, was back among the treasures from whence it had been gathered.

We had plenty of food with us; and, after making a hearty supper, we, having previously constructed a shelter, turned in, all save myself. I preferred to keep the first watch, for I knew if I laid down it would be impossible for me to sleep. A presentiment of danger that I could not get rid of hung over me, and entirely precluded all thoughts of repose. An hour passed, and I heard nothing but the patter of the rain-drops, and the wind sighing among the branches of the trees, save indeed, now and then, the startling cry of some wild animal far in the depths of the forest. But these we cared not for. Brutes are oftentimes better friends than men.

Half an hour more, and my hour was up; but I did not call the one that was to succeed me. I never was more wide awake in my life, and felt not the need of rest.

Suddenly I was startled by a dismal sound, and I listened intently. Again I heard it away back on the road over which we had come, and I was all attention. Again the sound fell on my ear, and this time there could be no mistake. It was the tramp

of a score of horses picking their way along the road at as swift a pace as possible for them to pursue, and at no great distance away.

I woke my companions and told them what I had heard. That the approaching horsemen were banditti that infested the mountains, there could be but little doubt; and that their number was treble to our own, there was still less doubt, we judged by the sound that every moment grew nearer. But one resource was for us; and that, flight in the darkness. A minute more, and each man was by his horse. Another, and bridles were arranged, and we were upon their backs. By this time the approaching horsemen were close upon us—so close that their voices could be plainly heard as they urged on their horses.

Just as we were about to move forward, a voice exclaimed, in Mexican jargon, "But I tell you they are not far off. It is impossible for them to have kept on in the darkness, after I had done all I could to mislead them."

I recognised the voice in a moment. It was that of the innkeeper, who had told us of the way, in the village we had left.

This was enough. There was no mistaking who we had to deal with now; and I plunged the spurs into my horse, and, giving him the reins, led the way at a break-neck pace in the darkness. A loud shout came from behind, proclaiming that our presence was known, and our motives discovered; and the next moment a shower of balls went whizzing past, on either side, and above our heads. We were unhurt, and went on. Ours was a ride for life that night.

Onward we went, with the rain pouring down in torrents, and the darkness so dense that we could not see a hand before our faces, leaning forward with our heads close to the necks of our horses to avoid the long limbs of the trees that hung over the road; and on came the bloodthirsty crew behind us, eager for our money and our lives.

That was indeed a terrible ride; such a one as I hope never again to have. Every moment I expected that my horse would stumble in the rough path, and throw me upon the rocks, whose sharp edges lined every foot of the way, which was now rising considerably, and every step forward told upon the wind of our horses. But there was nothing to do but to go on; for behind, came the demons, sometimes gaining upon us, so that a shower of bullets would fly past us.

Had I not been riding for so great a stake, I think I could not have kept my seat; but to fall now was death. A man will do much when his life is at stake, and I thought a broken neck could be no worse than the cold steel of the Mexicans.

For some minutes a dull roar had been sounding in our ears, and I knew that we were approaching one of those mountain streams that are so numerous in Mexico, and which are passed by a frail bridge, oftentimes a great distance above the water, and which have to be crossed with the utmost caution by horsemen. One of these was before us, and here, with a sudden thought, I determined that the race should end.

I reined in my horse, and my companions passed over before me. The frail structure trembled like a thing of life, and I did not know but that it would go down into the roaring torrent so far below before I had reached the other side. But it bore me safe across; and no sooner did my horses' hoofs strike the rocks, than I sprang down, and, with the aid of one of the men whom I called to my assistance, I moved one of the supports of the bridge a little way; but with all our force we could not throw it in the gulf below. I called to the others for aid; but, before they could reach me, the foremost of our pursuers dashed on the bridge. I shouted for him to turn back, but my cry was unheeded. Another followed, and another; and then, with a crash, and a cry of mortal terror, the mass fell into the roaring torrent beneath, and our ride for life was over, those of our foes that remained alive being on the other side, where they could not harm us.

A LESSON IN LOVE.

"Well, then, you won't have me?" questioned Fred Barton, as he stood in the doorway with a smiling countenance and folded arms, his six feet two inches of attitude calmly drawn up, towering high above Milly Vaughan's curly head.

The usual routine of courtship seemed to be somewhat changed in this individual case, for Milly was very much embarrassed, twisting her pink silk sash round and round, while Fred was provokingly cool and sarcastic, as if he had not just listened to that fatal little monosyllable "no."

"I am so very young, Fred," she faltered; "just eighteen, you know, and I hardly know my own mind yet; and it is so cruel of you to ask such a prompt answer! And——"

"Now, Milly, this will never do," said the young man, firmly detaining her with one hand, "Will you answer me?"

"Then, no!', exclaimed Milly, with flashing eyes and pallid cheeks; "'tis strange one answer is not sufficient."

"Ah, very well; just as you please, Miss Millicent," replied Fred, very complacently. "I'm obliged to you for pronouncing that little monosyllable so decidedly. You are very pretty, but you don't suit me exactly. We should soon get tired of one another; we have been brought up together, and you seem like a sister; sameness is always tiresome. You are a lovely blonde, but I should prefer a brunette; and besides, I can now go peaceably off to college, without any incumbrance in the shape of an engagement. The drug was hard to take, but I have no doubt it will do me good. Adieu, Milly—I wish you much happiness and a good husband."

And off walked Mr. Fred, whistling in regular cavalier style, looking most provokingly handsome in his cool disdain.

Millicent Vaughan hardly knew what to make of the young student's audacious self-possession. She had never had a real lover before; but she quite was certain 'twas not often they acted in this way after being rejected.

Somehow she had a notion that Fred Barton had been making fun of her, and she was very sure she had done a sensible thing in saying no. Besides, she had fully thought that he would not take her at her word. Why didn't he coax, and implore, and make a great fuss? Why didn't he take her by storm—in short, as all lovers in novels did? Milly Vaughan tarried at the window until her discarded lover was out of sight, and then she ran up to her room, locked herself in, and cried long and passionately.

"Dear me, Milly, how flushed your cheeks are, and your eyes are so red!" said Mrs. Vaughan, as the girl took her place at the well-spread tea-table. "What ails you? Are you ill?

"It's setting up late o'nights reading those trashy periodicals," growled Squire Vaughan. She'll be blind afore she's twenty-five years old at this rate, or will have to wear specs, and a gal in specs don't have much chance to catch a beau. Hallo! what's the matter with the child?"

For Milly had burst into passionate sobbing, and left the room. Ah, it was a sore, a very sore little heart that beat under Milly's black velvet bodice.

If she could only have lived that day over again, she thought. But the sun was low in the crimson tide of the great western skies, and the young moon was rising up, and the day, with all its chances and changes, was gone, to return—ah! nevermore.

Slowly the months rolled by, and our heroine grew quieter, and more sober and thoughtful, every day. The fair forehead was not less fair for the shade of sweet gravity on its smooth expanse, and the blue